

LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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THE SUSSETON.

AN INDIAN STORY.

ONCE upon a time, and it was not a thousand years ago, there lived a man, for an Indian is a man, though, to judge him by our treatment of him, he seems generally to be thought a mineral substance, or at least a brute. If you tickle him, he laughs; if you prick him, he bleeds; if you stab or shoot him, he dies; if you wrong him, he revenges. He loves his wife and children; he has a rude sense of honor; and he feels for that of his tribe. This man, then, was an Indian. He was one of a tribe called Sussetons, a wandering race, who range over the country on the banks of the St. Peter's River. It so happened, that, like wiser and greater men, he one day fell in love. But the course of true love never did run smooth. Our hero was a small, a very small man, and was thence called Cheestin, or The Dwarf; for the people of his tribe name each other from their personal defects, as well as from their personal good qualities. Cheestin's name, the reader may be sure, did not procure him any extraordinary share of respect: his appearance was much against him; and he was neither a warrior nor a hunter. So small and so weak a man could scarcely be expected to seek renown in mortal combat, or to be successful if he did. A man with arms and legs so short as his, could scarcely run down the moose, or grapple with the bear. A man destitute of the physical qualities which are almost

the only sources of love and respect among a rude people, cannot expect to be loved or admired by his fellows. Yet, though it is difficult, in any country, to love a man only four feet five or six inches high, Cheestin was loved and dearly loved in return.

His cousin Woska was a remarkably robust and hardy girl, from her infancy upwards. They were bred together, and she was accustomed to render him all the little aid and assistance which the male children of white parents are accustomed to render to the females. She fought his battles, and protected him from insult and injury. This might not have been an easy task for a boy of his own years; but among Indians, a blow from a female is not answered with a stab, as it would be if it came from one of the stronger sex, and the power of her arm, as well as the sharpness of her nails, were early acknowledged and feared.

As they grew up, their fondness increased. She loved him for his very helplessness, as we always do those to whom we have been kind; and he returned her affection partly on the score of gratitude, and partly because she was the only young woman in his tribe, by whom he was not held in utter scorn. And he had some qualities to make him loved, feared and respected. He was a youth of inflexible courage and determination. He always returned scorn with scorn, and blows with blows. His blows, to be sure, were not very formidable, but they were always freely dealt, and proved that it was not courage in which he was deficient. He was kind and affectionate to all who treated him well, and made himself useful by an industry before unknown to his tribe. True, he could do little as a hunter; but he could shoot at ducks and pigeons as hard as another; he could gather wild plums and roots; and there were a multitude of ways in which a weak person can procure food, as well as a strong one. In all of these pursuits he was incessantly engaged. No one could truly say, that he did not do his full share of the work of his family.

Woska grew into womanhood, and, though universally acknowledged to be very handsome, was fully six feet high.

She came to an age when Indian girls are thought of as wives, and was not without her lover ; that, is a man sought her in marriage, who cared not a straw about her good temper or good sense, but who saw that she had a good back for a burthen, and was skilful at making moccasins, and raising corn and pumpkins. He was a man of fifty ; a redoubted warrior and renowned hunter, and had already six wives, and a progeny half as numerous as that of king Priam. He had, moreover, had his nose bitten off in a quarrel, and was famous for beating his wives when tipsy, which happened just as often as he could get liquor. Altogether, he was the object of Woska's mortal aversion.

He was just such a man, however, as was most acceptable to her parents. The loss of his nose, indeed, was no recommendation ; but in other respects, he was the very person most acceptable to Indian parents for a son-in-law. If he was not loved, he was admired for his bravery, which was better, and he could support the parents as well as the daughter. Then, he had given them a large quantity of merchandize, blankets, ammunition and the like, for Woska, according to Susseton custom ; and as she was not to be moved by any argument that he or they could devise, they were obliged, in honor, to return the goods ; a circumstance which cost them a great deal of disquiet, and her a storm of reproaches.

Still her elderly lover did not discontinue his addresses to Woska's parents, whom he advised to persuade her to obedience with the flat side of a paddle, a mode of argument very commonly addressed to Indian wives and daughters. They did not proceed to this extremity, however, because they suspected her of no attachment, that might stand in the way of their ultimate success. Least of all did they think of such a person as Cheestin, as likely to be the cause of their daughter's undutiful behavior. He, a dwarf, no hunter, and no possibility of his ever distinguishing himself as a warrior ! The idea would have been preposterous. Besides, was he not her cousin ; and does not every Indian look upon a marriage between cousins, as little less heinous than one

between brother and sister. Be that as it might, they so persecuted poor Woska with threats, invective and entreaties, that her life became hateful to her. Yet there was little prospect of a union with her cousin, unless she could make up her mind to make the first advances. He almost worshipped her; but he was so accustomed to being the laughing-stock of women, that he would sooner have met death in any shape, than have dared to propose such a thing to her.

An event happened that brought the affair to a crisis. A grizzly bear broke suddenly into the camp, and the boldest, even Woska's elderly suitor, fled before him. Cheestin alone kept the field. At the very moment when the bear raised his huge paw to strike his cousin down, he seized a gun, and thrust himself between the huge monster and his prey. The shot was fired, and happily it penetrated the brain, the only vulnerable part of the animal. After this, the little hero was held in more respect than before, for to slay a grizzly bear is reckoned by the Sussetons as great an exploit, as to vanquish the most formidable warrior in battle.

About this time Woska's life had become almost insupportable. The saving of her life by Cheestin put an end to all maidenly scruples, and at the first convenient opportunity, she avowed her attachment, and proposed that they should elope from the camp together. He was enraptured at the thought, but there were some difficulties to overcome. Where were they to go, to escape the pursuit and vengeance of Woska's rejected lover, and of her parents and brethren? How were they to subsist? Where were they to find a refuge from the scorn and hatred that awaits the temerity of cousins who marry? To all these queries the god of gods, the blind one, found ready answers. They had both heard of a far distant lake, near the heads of the Des Moines River, described by the few rash men who had visited its shores, as a paradise of beauty, but the beloved abode of millions of evil spirits. Love, however, does not fear the devil; he overcomes even superstition. Beautiful islands were said to stud the bosom of this bathing-pool of fiends; beautiful trees and flowers grew on them, on whose branches disported

myriads of birds, whose brilliancy might provoke the envy of the bird of Paradise itself; and whose songs would put the angel Israfil to silence, if not to shame. Fruits fell into the hands stretched out to pluck them, spontaneously. Millions of swans and other aquatic birds laved their plumage in its waters, and, to crown all, the fishes swam joyfully to the shores to be caught. In short it was the very Utopia, the *Pays de Cocaigne* of Indian imagination. Here the lovers would be safe; no human hand would here molest them; here they would find abundance of everything heart could wish or sense covet. It took them some time, however, to get over the fear of the evil spirits.

Neither did they give implicit confidence to the tales they had heard. The birds might not be so tame, the fishes might not be so fond of being eaten, as was commonly believed. They judged it, therefore, advisable to take a gun with them, as well as some means of ensnaring the fishes. Luckily, Cheestin had seen the trader catch fish with a hook and line; had bought a hook himself, and had taken a catfish with his own proper hand,—a feat heretofore never even dreamed of by a Susseton. He, therefore, thinking that a hook would bring the fish to land *nolens volens*, if it would not come willingly, obtained a supply of this invaluable article, which the weak can use as efficiently as the strong. Woska undertook to make lines from the bark of the linden tree.

Opportunities to escape would certainly occur: it only remained to wait for them. The great heart of the little man was indeed insensible to fear, but then, if they should be overtaken and he slain, he should lose his dear, dear cousin, his maker of moccasins and broiler of buffalo marrow-bones. That would never do.

The desired opportunity did not come so soon as they expected. Women have proverbially sharp eyes, which can see into a mill-stone quite as far as those of men. Well were their glances forged into shafts for Cupid. Woska's mother conceived some suspicion of what was going on; perhaps she had listened, and had heard something that she

ought not to have heard. However it was, she kept a sharp watch upon her daughter, and seldom trusted her out of her sight, night or day.

At last, winter came, and the family went to the big woods, that skirt the eastern boundary of the limitless prairie in which the Sussetons dwell, for their winter hunt. Our lovers, of course, went with them. Woska's mother fell sick, and could watch her no longer. Her father was constantly engaged in the chase. The opportunity of elopement had arrived. One morning they bundled up their little all, and bade farewell to parents and friends forever.

The snow lay light and bright upon the ground; the sun shone bright above them, as they pursued their course north-westward. They reached a wood, where they encamped for the first night in safety, and enjoyed the comfort which, in the opinion of Indians, is supreme, of sleeping in the open air, with their feet at a huge fire, and the thermometer at from five to ten degrees below zero.

In the morning they went on again, and had moved a few miles into the open prairie, when a storm arose. I well remember the horrors of it; when it began, I was travelling on foot along the banks of a small stream toward a little wood, about three miles distant. It was early in the morning when the tempest arose, and it was night before I reached the wood. I only gained it at all, by groping my way along the banks of the stream on all fours. No human being could have breasted that tornado upright. No human eye could have pierced the billows of snow that it threw up. The cold wind cut to the very bones. It was an absolute ocean of snow, thrown into raging commotion. It was a poudrée, and that is saying what it was to any person who has ever witnessed one. At its commencement, the very wolves and buffaloes fled before the blast that swept over a thousand miles of open prairie, to the few spots of wood that could afford them a shelter.

When I reached the little oasis in this American desert, my blood was so chilled, that I could not strike a fire. I only saved myself from perishing, by firing my gun into a

dry fallen tree, and by the time I had made such a fire as was never seen in a Christian land, it was night, and still the fury of the bitter blast increased. The tree tops crashed and fell around me, but the undergrowth and a monstrous drift protected me from the wind; and by such a fire I could defy all the cold of the North Pole.

I was roused from my first slumber by the howling of a herd of wolves, who had fled from the wrath of the Storm Spirit into my refuge. They came round me in a troop, and, by the light of my fire, I could see their fierce eyes glaring at me through the bushes. I fired my gun, and threw fire-brands at them, but I could not drive them entirely away. I heaped fresh fuel on my fire, and watched all the rest of the night.

Long will the horrors of that poudrée be remembered. Twenty of the Sussetons were overtaken in the open prairie, and perished in it. But all this is digression.

My fair readers will doubtless surmise that the lovers, big Woska and little Cheestin, escaped from the storm, and by some means or other were united, and lived happily after it was over. I am sorry that I cannot gratify them. They were never again seen alive. When the spring was on the advance, an Indian, who was hunting in the prairie, broke through the crust which the sun was rapidly softening on the surface of a huge drift. Instead of sinking to his neck, as might have been anticipated, something hard arrested his feet. He had the curiosity to remove the snow, and found the bodies of our hero and heroine hard frozen, side by side. Alas! alas! it was a shocking death.

W. J. S.

THE BLOODY POND.

Just by the present high-road, and in the midst of the old battle-grounds new. Lake George, is a circular Pond, into which the bodies of most of those who were slain on the 8th of September, 1755, were thrown. From that time to the present it has been called 'the Bloody Pond.'—*Silliman's Tour to Quebec.*

In the wide waste where only grew
The hemlock and the mournful yew,
And solitary pine,
I paused, the 'bloody pond' to view:
'Twas a lone pool, around whose edge
Waved the rank weed and rustling sedge,
And melancholy vine!
The thorn made there a prickly hedge,
The wild vine wove its tangled screen;
But ne'er around were blossoms seen,
Or bright flower, with its chaplet green,
Pale lily or red rose!

Men say, in years long passed and gone,
The wild herds shunned its borders lone.
The shaggy moose, and bison shrink
Affrighted, from its stagnant brink,
Nor pause the sluggish wave to drink.
The wild fox and the wolf dashed by,
With startled step and glaring eye,
As flying from their foes;
And the grey elk, and dappled deer,
As if the yelling hunt were near,
Fled with their timid roes!

Full many a lapsing year hath flown
Since martial tread, and warlike tone,
Since gallant cheer and dying groan,
Were heard along this plain.
The plumed tribes, with spear and bow,
The Briton and his Gallic foe,
Raised their loud shout, and struck the blow,
And strewed the earth with slain!
Then rose the neigh of angry steed,
And hollow moan of those that bleed;
Then sang the Indian's feathered reed,
From peep till close of day;
And many, in their dawn of life,
Did perish in that bloody strife,
And left their homes,—son, sire, and wife—
To mourn them far away;
And in this black and lifeless wave,
The bodies of the gallant brave,
Were buried in one common grave,
At close of that wild fray.

F.D.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

[The following sketches of South American life are extracted from the letters of a friend, who has spent several months in Colombia for the restoration of his health.]

RIO HACHA, S. A., Sept. 13th, 1833.

WE anchored in this port yesterday, at 7 P. M., about a mile from the land. A boat from the shore soon boarded us, and left a custom-house officer on board. Early this morning the boat came off with the collector, the health officer, and the interpreter,—the two former mulattoes. It has a very strange effect to see persons in authority, with black faces and woolly heads—but there is scarcely a white face in Colombia—they are of all colors, from full negro to light mulatto, and are composed of Spanish, Creole, Indian, and negro blood in every possible mixture. All colors and casts are eligible to office here.

About noon, three or four canoes, each paddled by six naked negroes, came alongside, and commenced taking out the cargo. There was a good deal of sea running, and the slight canoes danced about in a manner somewhat fearful; however, I was helped in by these fellows, and we pushed for the shore, they all shouting and screaming in Spanish, like so many madmen. The surf beat so violently on the beach, that it seemed impossible to get through it without swamping the boat; but they managed it very skilfully. Shipping their oars, they let the canoe ride in on a great wave, broadside to; then all leaping overboard, they haul it upon the beach, before the returning wave can bear it away. One moment, we seemed buried in the surf; the next, I was whisked out of the boat by their strong arms, and placed on my feet safely on *terrâ firmâ*.

Sunday 21st.

A Sunday in Colombia is a very different thing from a Sunday in the United States. It is a holiday, devoted to amusement, and not devotion. On Saturday night, the bells

of the cathedral ring loudly and merrily, to admonish the people that the morrow is a holiday. In the morning the bells ring for some time, and that seems to be the only religious observance that the day brings with it. The inhabitants pass the day in amusements, and the troops in the city have a grand parade. The fat-headed priests, with their black tunic and immense sombrero turned up at the sides, and looking like the Alguazil in the Barber of Seville, are to be seen gliding about the city, and they still have great power. It was only yesterday that a parcel of books were burnt publicly on the beach by order of the priests, because they were thought to contain damnable and heretical doctrines. They were brought here by a foreigner, and consisted of French philosophical and political works, and some copies of the Scriptures in Spanish. My box of books passed without any examination, or Doctors Freeman and Channing might have been subjected to an Auto de Fe—however, they would have burned in good company, for the Bible would have shared the same fate.

[*To be continued.*]

THE SHELL.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

FROM THE GERMAN MORGENBLATT.

LORD BYRON, during his residence in Venice, frequently undertook marine excursions. On one occasion, his fondness for this amusement led him, and those by whom he was accompanied, into great danger. Every body wished to be allowed to attend him; and in all Venice there was no gondolier, in the Adriatic no seaman, who did not consider the English lord as a countryman, and who would not have willingly exposed himself to any risk for his sake. Lord Byron delighted in visiting an island called Gabioncello, situated near Ragusa, and often repaired thither in a four-oared barge, accompanied by the Countess Guiccioli, and two or three other friends. He always carried with him writing materials, and the Countess, who drew very prettily from nature, had her portfolio by her side.

It is well known that numerous small islands lie on the Dalmatian coast,

and they frequently landed on some one of these to refresh themselves, to hunt or to fish. The island of Grossa Minore is a rock covered scantily with green, and scarcely half an English mile in length or breadth. Here, early one morning, they landed; and, as in the middle of the island there was a fine spring surrounded by bushes, the only place in which any protection from the rays of the sun was to be found, they resolved to remain there during the heat of the day. The gondoliers stepped on shore, and were employed in kindling a fire and cooking fish; and the whole party spent several hours in various amusements. But, on returning to the place where they had left their vessel, they found that it had been so carelessly fastened, that it had drifted from the shore, and was now at the distance of two miles from land. Grossa Minore is distant nearly twenty-five miles from Gabioncello, and none of the neighboring islands were inhabited.

Lord Byron laughed when he saw his companions turn pale; it was no laughing matter however, as vessels seldom visited these places. Guns, ammunition, and fishing apparatus they had in abundance, and also some provisions; in the boat there was a sufficient store for a week, but this was lost. The white shawl of the Countess was fastened on a pole as a flag of distress, and they spread a cloak over the bushes so as to form a tent. Nothing remained to them now but the expectation of death through hunger and cold, unless the flag of distress, or the sound of their guns, which they discharged from time to time, should bring some vessel to their rescue. Fortunately the weather was fine, the Countess slept in the tent, and the remainder of the party stretched themselves like Bedouins on the rocks. So long as wine and brandy lasted, they kept their spirits up; but after two nights had passed away, they became extremely anxious, and they determined to build a raft; but on the whole island they could not find a stick of more than an inch in thickness. To swim from one island to another was impossible; and Lord Byron himself began to be uneasy, when a Venetian, whom, from the circumstance of his having but one eye, they nicknamed the Cyclops, proposed a plan for their deliverance; and induced by the promised reward, and urged by his own dangerous situation, resolved to carry it into execution. At Gabioncello there is no good water, and for that reason they had brought on shore a cask, for the purpose of filling it at the spring. They proceeded to work with their penknives, until they had cut it through in the middle, and so formed a sort of canoe or shell, in which the Cyclops seated himself, and by means of two large sticks which he took with him, to the great joy of the party, succeeded in preserving his balance. To encourage him, he was well supplied with brandy, and in this singular bark directed his course towards the open sea, in which at first it threatened every moment to turn over. After the lapse of an hour it fell in with a strong current, and disappeared from the view of those who remained on shore. They knew that the current flowed towards the main land, and the hope of rescue was awakened in them. In this they were not disappointed. On the following morning, before day, the Cyclops returned with a six-oared barge, furnished abundantly with wine and fruit, and was welcomed by a universal cry of joy.

He was carried in his bark past the island of Gabioncello, to a place not far

from Ragusa, and in this novel and strange manner, had made a voyage of nearly one hundred miles. Lord Byron recompensed him liberally; and on their return to Venice bought for him a barge, which the Cyclops named the *Shell*, in memory of this remarkable adventure

JERONIMO.

THE BOATMAN'S BRIDE.

At the Asylum in Christiana, I saw a boatman, who had been engaged to a peasant girl. On the day appointed for their marriage, he took his boat to go by water to the bride's house. She and her parents came out on the lake to meet him; and as the boats were returning together, that which carried the bride's party was over-set, and she and her parents drowned. The boatman now sat all day, moving his arms like a rower, and if any visiter appeared, warned him not to approach, as the water was deep.—*Conway's Travels in Norway.*

Ah! come not, come not forth,
My life! my love!
The storm is up in the gloomy north,
And the skies frown dark above:
And the wave below—the yawning wave,
Is deep, deep down, like the grave.

Nay, stand not by the verge—
Dear Isabelle—
Of the hanging cliff, where the roaring surge
Rolls upward its ponderous swell—
And the fir-boughs flare, and stream on its bar
And ice-bound brow, like a giant's hair.

Raise not the snowy sail—
Lift not the oar—
I fly, as a thrush on the mountain-gale,
Whose nestlings cry on the shore:—
One moment—I shall be beside
My beautiful, my bride!

Joy! Joy! She waits me there
On the smooth strand—
The festal bloom in the flowing hair,
And the shining sash in the hand:—
Ah! move not, for the cold, cold wave
Curls chill—O God!—like the grave!

B. B. T.

BALLOONING.

THE clear sun of a fine September day was glittering on roof and steeple, and the cheerful breeze of early autumn breathing its harp-like melody over woods and waters. A vast multitude stood around me, attentively watching the expanding folds of my balloon, as it swayed to and fro in the unsteady air. As I prepared to take my place in its car, I noticed an involuntary shudder run through the assemblage, and anxious glances pass from face to face. At length, the process of inflation was completed, the music sounded, the gun was discharged, the ropes were loosened, and the beautiful machine arose in the air, amid the resounding cheers of thousands. As it ascended, I cast a hasty look on the sea of upturned heads, and thought I read one general expression of anxiety, in the faces of the multitudinous throng, and my heart warmed with the consciousness, that many kind wishes and secret hopes were wafted with me on my heavenward flight. But very soon, mine eye ceased to distinguish features and forms, and the collected throng became blended in one confused mass, and the green common itself had dwindled into a mere garden-plat, and the magnificent old Elm in its centre to a stunted bush, waving on the hill-side.

Upward, upward! my flying car mounted and mounted, into the yet untraversed highways of the air, swifter than pinion-borne bird, or canvass-borne vessel, yet all without sound of revolving wheel, or clatter of thundering hoof, or straining of bellying sail, or rustle of flapping wing. I felt that I was indeed alone, in the upper wastes of the liquid element, a solitary voyager of the sky, careering onward like the spectral 'Ship of the Sea,' with no murmur of bubbling billow under the prow, and no gush of whirling ripple beneath the keel. But how can my pen describe the sublimity of the scene above, below and around! At one moment, my car would plunge into silvery seas of vapor and rolling billows of mist, through which the dim-seen sun did but feebly glimmer, like the struggling flame of the torch

cast in the dungeon's gloom. But soon that shadowy veil dissolved away, and again I would emerge into the blaze of the golden sun, and the effulgence of the blue heavens. How then did I covet the painter's art, to be able to imprint on the eternal canvass, those gorgeous clouds piled up around me, like hills and mountains, from whose sides hoary cataracts seemed to be falling, and foamy streams leaping into the vallies, that rested in lovely repose at their base. Never did the dull world below present on its diversified bosom, such grand or such enchanting objects, as those beautiful and evanescent creatures of the air, shining and shifting in the levelled sunbeams around. At times, my whole horizon would be bounded by those mountainous regions of cloud-land, cliff lifting over cliff, pinnacle above pinnacle, Alps above Alps. On their sides and tops, the reflected light painted all the hues of the rainbow, in commingled azure and crimson, purple and gold. In those stupendous masses of vapor, mine eye, with little aid of fancy, could trace out resemblances of wild and desolate forests, of sombre fir and yew, the lordly oak, and the melancholy pine, whispering in the breeze. Anon, a green, happy valley, would smile out from some hollow of the hills, and the white church-spire would peep from the embosoming grove, and the rustic parsonage, the rural farm-house, and the village inn, with its swinging sign, and the chesnut waving its twinkling foliage at the door, would appear. Anon, the shifting vapor would assume the shape of an old baronial fortress, green with the mosses of centuries, and overspread with the flexile creeper, the gadding vine, and the glossy ivy, and wearing many a dull-weather stain, imprinted by wintry gale and autumnal rain. On its grey towers would seem to float the broad standard, around which the knights and vassals had mustered so often, when the armies thundered beneath the leagured wall, or its brave folds were displayed in distant lands, on the tented fields of war.

Onward, onward! I looked forth, and saw that I was again wafted along the lower currents of air, and could easily distinguish the sights and sounds of earth. I passed over

green pastures, where the brindled cattle and snowy sheep were feeding, and, under a spreading oak, that towered aloft like a verdant hill, reclined a young girl, watching her father's flocks, attended by a pet lamb, cropping the fair flowers at her feet. As I gazed, I thought of 'the fair Una with her milk-white lamb,' and of all the happiness of the shepherd's life, who, sitting upon the grassy hill-side beneath the sacred locust, and piping entrancing melodies in praise of his love, on the mellow oaten reed, is all unmindful of the cankering care and the poisonous hatred, that embitter human life. Great was the surprise that agitated that lonesome spot, as mine air-borne pageant fluttered over it, with its silken fold and colored streamer. The cattle cast upward their wondering eyes, and galloped away to the forests, and I could long hear the tinkling bell on the horn of the bull and the heifer, sounding in the inner sanctuary of the wood, where, on a twisted root or a moss-covered stone, by the brink of the gushing brook, reclined that grey-beard recluse, Solitude, and his nun-like sister, Silence, revolving their lonely meditations.

Onward, still onward! Beneath me I beheld a solemn spot, where the linden, the ash, the sycamore, the cypress, the cedar, the beech, the church-yard yew and hemlock, were clustered together in one mournful company. I knew by the stone altars, by the sculptured urn, the graceful obelisk, the foam-white pyramid, the funereal cenotaph, the marble mausoleum, which glimmered amid the groves and bowers, that I looked upon a sanctuary, consecrated by the living to the repose of the dead. A sweet sabbath-like calm seemed to hover about the place, and even the very birds that were flitting from branch to branch, and the breeze that was sighing its hollow dirge along the wood-tops, appeared to know that the spot was holy. As I looked, I beheld a slow procession winding along this highway of the departed, and bearing a new tenant to the narrow house. Some sweet infant, perhaps, was there cut down in the dewy bloom of its innocence,—some beautiful bud of beauty severed from its stem, and torn away from its blossoming mates, in the

garden of youth,—or, haply, some silver-haired sire, gathered like the shock of corn, fully ripe, into the vast granary of death.

As I passed from this interesting spot, I was attracted by a merry train of riders, whose loud and cheerful voices resounded along the road, seeming to mock the sacred silence of the place I had so lately left. As the gay array of youth and beauty dashed away from my sight, with foamy bridle and gory spur, I could not but be reminded of the close juxta-position on earth, of joy and sorrow, life and death.

Onward, still onward! Over wood-crowned hill and valley, hall and hovel, mountainous pasture and daisied meadow, my buoyant car still pursued its way. At times, I would float so near the rustic church-spire, that I could note the waving briar shudder in the ancient belfry, and even hear the ticking clock repeat its momentary record of the lapse of time. Again, I would skim along the tops of woods, and peep into the very nests of the corbie-crow and the sailing hawk. Sweet gushes of melody would issue from every bushy thicket and fresh-smelling arbor, as the ring-dove replied to his calling mate, or the quail, the blackbird, the linnet, the thrush, and the robin red-breast, poured forth those artless measures, which prodigal nature loves to teach to her chosen children of song. I heard also a fainter strain of music afar off, but which continued to sound more loud and clear, as my noiseless chariot advanced, until at length a full burst of warlike instruments rent the air with sound. As I listened, I traced on my tablets the following hasty sketch of

THE SOUND OF MUSIC.

I.

Faintly, faintly!
Like a chiming bell,
Borne o'er flood and fell,
Faint it sounds.
Like the dreary breeze,
Heard o'er distant seas
Faint it sounds.

Like a plaintive bird,
 In the thick woods heard,
 Faint it sounds.
 Like the far off dirge
 Of the breaking surge,
 Faint it sounds!

II.

Clearly, clearly!
 Like a silver lute,
 Or the mellow flute,
 Clear it sounds.
 Like the liquid note,
 Of the wild bird's throat,
 Clear it sounds.
 Like a falling stream,
 Like the eagle's scream,
 Clear it sounds.
 Like the sheep-boy's call,
 Heard at evening's fall,
 Clear it sounds!

III.

Loudly, loudly !
 Battle-drum and horn,
 On the light winds borne,
 Loudly sound.
 Clarion and fife,
 Notes of martial strife,
 Loudly sound.
 Where the banners fly,
 Cymbals rend the sky,
 With their sound.
 Now the armies come,
 And a warlike hum
 Breaks around.

A troop of country cavalry, on their long-resounding march to a regimental review ! A solitary bugle and braying-horn, a score or two of riders, on animals fresh from the harvest-field, led on by some villager Wellington, had conjured up all these fine sights and sounds ! As I waved my starry flag in reply to their salute, I could not but smile at their awkward array and rude equipments ; and yet, those sturdy republicans would no doubt have done valiant service at Yorktown and Saratoga.

Onward, onward ! over winding streams, that glittered like twisting serpents on the green surface of the earth, over the broad bay, that rested in smooth and glassy repose in the arms of the far extending shore, and over the dashing billows of the ocean, my route continued. Birds of the briny sea, whose strong wings had borne them safely and surely from the frosty atmosphere that sparkles around the pole, or the ice-cold waters of some far-away lagoon, now darted around me with discordant cry and affrighted pinion. In those hovering flocks I discerned the duck, the goose, the coot, the loon, the curlew, the green-winged teal, the dusky-duck, the sooty tern, the yellow-winged gadwale, the golden-eye, and the gaudy mallard, proudly vain of that lovely plumage, whose intense hues rival the glory of the breaking dawn, the autumnal sunset, or the intermingled dyes which tinge the stripes of the showery bow. On an iron-bound promontory, whose jutting crags waged an eternal strife with the rolling billows, I saw the thick-scattered cottages of wealth and taste, seeming no bigger than the nest, which the tropical bird constructs in the sands of the desert, while around, on the tumbling expanse of waters, were glancing a thousand receding and approaching sails, bearing the riches of the orient or the occident, from shore to shore.

Downward, downward ! A thrill of horror shot through my veins, as I felt that the rough ocean breeze had shivered my silken vessel to shreds and tatters, and that I was falling with the speed of lightning, through the hollow abyss of the air, into the sea. The jaws of the fretting ocean, gnashing their white teeth in anger, seemed to gape open to devour me, and the black rocks uplifted their jagged spears, to impale my devoted body !—But my time had not yet come. A gentle tap on the shoulder aroused me from the profound *reverie* in which I had been plunged, and I was very glad to recognize, in the visitor who had broken the spell, my good friend Durant, who called to invite me to attend his grand ascension, on the following day.—ED.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

I WAS a pensive pilgrim, at the foot
 Of the crowned Alleghany,—when he wrapt
 His purple mantle gloriously around,
 And took the homage of the princely hills,
 And ancient forests,—as they bowed them down,
 Each in his order of nobility.
 And then, in glorious pomp, the sun retired
 Behind the solemn shadow, and his train
 Of crimson, and of azure, and of gold,
 Went floating up the zenith, tint on tint,
 And ray on ray,—till all the concave caught
 His parting benediction.

But the glow
 Faded to twilight, and dim twilight sank
 In deeper shade,—and there that mountain stood
 In awful state, like dread ambassador
 'Tween earth and heaven. Methought, it frowned severe
 Upon the world beneath, and lifted up
 The accuser's forehead sternly toward the sky,
 To witness 'gainst its sins. And is it meet
 For thee,—thou raised on cloud-capped pinnacle,
 To scorn thine own original, the dust,
 That sometimes eddying on the angry winds
 Doth sweep thy base?

Say,—is it meet for thee,
 Hiding thyself in mystery, to impeach
 This nether sphere,—from whence thy rocky root
 Draws strength and nutriment?

But lo! a star,
 The first fair herald of advancing night,
 Doth peer above thy summit,—as some babe
 Might gaze with brow of timid innocence
 Over a giant's shoulder. Hail, lone star!
 Thou friendly watcher o'er an erring world,
 Thine uncondemning glance, doth aptly teach
 Of that untiring mercy which vouchsafes
 Thee light and man, salvation. Not to mark
 And treasure up his follies, or recount
 Their secret record in the court of heaven
 Thou com'st.—Methinks, thy tenderness would shroud,
 With trembling mantle, his infirmities.

The purest natures are most pitiful:
 But they who feel corruption strong within,
 Do launch their darts most fiercely at the trace
 Of their own image in another's breast.
 Thus the wild bull, that in some mirror spies
 His own mad visage, furiously destroys
 The frail reflector. But thou, stainless star,
 Shalt stand a watchman, on Creation's walls,
 While race on race their little round shall mark,
 And slumber in the tomb. Still point to all
 Who through this evening scene may wander on,
 And, from yon mountain's proud magnificence,
 Turn to thy milder beauty,—point to all,
 The eternal love that nightly sends thee forth,
 A silent teacher of its sacred lore.

L. H. S

[EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.]

NO. I.—A RESCUE.

BOSTON, July 25th, 18—.

AN incident occurred this day, which eminently illustrates the fact, that the persevering efforts of a resolute and philanthropic individual are sometimes more expeditious and more certain, in accomplishing the purposes of justice, when public or private rights have been violated, than any possible course of judicial proceedings. It is moral power—more omnipotent, under wise and judicious regulations, than all the remedial provisions of the statute-book.

Among the jarring elements of society—the base and selfish passions, that are constantly breaking out in human life, it is pleasant to record an instance of generous feeling and devoted sympathy, enlisted in the cause of human suffering, when there are none of the adventitious claims that ordinarily insure protection. Birth, and fame, and fortune have always their associates, their flatterers, and their defendants; but obscurity, and retirement, and poverty,

have few charms to engage the countenance or favor of the selfish and worldly. *Videre res obscurissimas* is not the boast of unpretending charity, but it is the motto of proud philosophy. Unhappily, this is not a libel on our nature.

* * * * *

Early this morning, Mr. Grenville, who lives in my immediate neighborhood, and with whom I have been on terms of intimacy and confidence for years, requested my advice and assistance in an affair, materially affecting, as he said, the peace and happiness of his family. It appeared, that some years ago he had taken into his family, as a companion for Mrs. Grenville, a young and destitute girl, and had educated her to have the care and oversight of his children, during the absence or engagement of their mother. The kindness and affectionate treatment of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville had elicited the warmest gratitude from Mary Williams; and their mutual feelings of good will had ripened into settled attachment. In the course of time, Mary's sister, moved by the mercenary calculations of her husband, had entered into an agreement with James —, a young man who had accidentally become possessed of considerable property, to persuade Mary away from the roof and protection of Mr. and Mrs. Grenville, and induce her to contract an alliance of marriage with James. Mary was but thirteen years old in June; and, in an unguarded moment, she was persuaded to consent, that their intention of matrimony should be announced as provided by law. This was regularly done; and a certificate of publishment was taken out. But Mary had, in the mean time repented her imprudence, and had resolved to proceed no further. This determination she signified to her sister, and also to Mr. and Mrs. Grenville, who now, for the first time, learned that such a purpose had been entertained. To Mary's own conviction of her course of duty, was now superadded the strong representations of her protectors; and, if a momentary doubt had remained on her mind, that doubt was now removed.

Having determined to avoid, for the present, the society of her sister, in order that the resolution she had formed

might not be shaken, she was again happily engaged in the duties of her humble station. Mr. Grenville entertained the hope, that no further incidents connected with the offer would be presented, to interrupt his domestic quiet. In this, however, he was mistaken. One evening, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a message was delivered, stating that Mary's sister was dying, and that she must immediately repair to her house, if she expected ever again to see her alive. The poor girl at once left the house of her friends, in company with two men, who waited for her, one of them being the husband of her sister.

Several days had passed, and nothing more being heard of Mary or her mercenary relations, Mr. Grenville was induced to make inquiry for their residence, and endeavor to learn the cause of Mary's detention. A slight suspicion had already passed in his mind, that all was not right. He soon found the dwelling; and, to his great surprise, also found the pretended dying sister in perfect health. But he could gain no tidings of Mary.

After Mr. Grenville had related the above events, 'Now,' said he, 'what is your advice?'

'I think that you told me,' I replied, 'that Mary's relations are of the Catholic faith.'

He said, 'They are.'

'Then,' said I, 'go with me to Father Jerome, who is of their communion, and on whose discretion and aid you can safely rely, and state the whole affair to him.'

To this he consented, and we were soon on our way to the good father.

To those who know Father Jerome, no eulogy is necessary to bespeak his interest in the cause of humanity, or to predict his deep indignation, at an attempt to wrong a poor, defenceless girl. To his great erudition in the theological learning of his church, and to his profound acquirements in general literature, he adds a warm zeal in the welfare of his people, a kind philanthropy embracing all mankind, and an ardent piety, that makes him at once beloved and respected by all who know him. In personal graces and eloquence, few surpass him.

The benignant smile with which Father Jerome received us is still fresh, and shall remain fresh, on the faithful tablet of memory. The austerities of his profession were never obtruded on his friends; and on this occasion, a more than ordinary share of kind and playful feeling marked his conduct. After having passed a pleasant half hour,

‘We are here on business, Father Jerome,’ said I; and the events which have been narrated were related to him.

‘But thirteen years old!’ said he, rising out of his chair, ‘but thirteen years old!’ ‘Tis a gross attempt at imposition! I’ll go with you myself, and will see this brother and this sister, who would sacrifice the young creature.’

He was soon invested with his cassock; and, taking a substantial cane in his hand, said he was ‘ready to proceed.’

The warm interest which the worthy Father took in the affair could not be mistaken; for the rapidity with which he threaded the obscure streets through which he was obliged to pass, told more plainly than words, that his feelings were deeply enlisted. We arrived at a dark, wretched alley, into which we entered, and passed by many places where poverty and misery seemed to have made their dwelling. Mingled feelings of surprise, at seeing strangers, and of reverence for our companion, were strongly depicted on the multitude of strange faces, that presented the blank and vacant gaze of wonder. We were soon at the door of the house we sought. A gentle rap was made, and we were bidden to ‘come in.’ No sentiments but disgust and loathing would seem to be in keeping with the scene that was presented. But Father Jerome, in a voice and manner of kindness, proceeded to interrogate a female, who held a half naked child to her bosom.

‘Are you the sister of Mary?’ inquired the Father.

‘Yes,’ was the laconic reply.

‘Do you know me?’

‘It’s Father Jerome.’

‘Are you a member of my church?’

‘Yes, I am.’

‘Where is Mary?’ No direct answer was given. ‘Where is your sister,’ mildly inquired the worthy Father.

‘She is up in the chamber.’

‘Call her down,’ said he, with a voice and manner that showed he expected to be obeyed.

A momentary demur, and the woman proceeded to obey him. We heard her ascend the stairs; and the creaking of a bolt, as she unlocked a door, told at once the story of the poor girl’s imprisonment. They came down together.

‘Come here, my child,’ said the good Father: ‘do you know me?’

‘It’s Father Jerome,’ said she in a whisper, and looking over her shoulder, as if some terrible disaster was coming upon her.

There was a vacant look at that moment, so nearly resembling idiocy, that one unacquainted with the suffering and privations she had undergone, would have pronounced her incapable of mental or bodily action. The sound of her own voice seemed to paralyze her; and she stood motionless as a statue. The threats and punishment which she had been made to undergo, in order to render her compliant, had nearly destroyed her.

At that moment her sister’s husband entered the room, attended by the young man to whom Mary was to have been married. The unsteady step and glazed eye of the former, gave certain evidence that his potations had not been few nor moderate.

‘This is Father Jerome,’ said the wife to her wretched husband: ‘he has come to see Mary.’

There was a partial contraction of the muscles of his face, which betrayed his presentiment that he was about to lose his prey; but he said nothing.

‘So,’ said the Father, ‘you are the brother of this girl, are you? Do you think yourself capable of properly discharging the duty of a brother?’

‘That is my own concern,’ growled the wretch, in a tone of defiance, and advancing towards the worthy father.

‘A step more this way,’ said the indignant churchman, raising his cane, ‘and I will prostrate you on the floor.’

His eye, ordinarily mild and gentle, flashed with a momen-

tary impulse, which he seldom felt, and never before exhibited. It was the man that spoke and acted then. But it was a solitary instance of forgetfulness, such as I had never before witnessed in this exemplary Christian. The miserable creature that stood before him shrunk back.

‘You see, Mary,’ said the Father, ‘that you have friends about you, and you must answer me truly and without any fear. Do you wish to marry that person?’ pointing to the young man. No answer was returned; but her eyes wandered strangely round the room. ‘Speak,’ said the Father; ‘no one shall hurt you.’

‘No,’ was the faint answer.

‘Do you wish to return to the family of Mr. Grenville?’

‘Oh! yes, yes!’ said she, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands together in the agony of her feelings. ‘I will go all the way on my knees, only let me go!’

The impassioned and earnest manner of the terrified girl struck on the heart of the good man. He went toward her and laid his hand on her head.

‘Mary, my good child, you shall go.’

He could say no more.

By this time, a crowd was gathered at the door.

‘If you know me,’ said the Father, addressing a woman among them, ‘get a bonnet and shawl for this girl, and I will be answerable that they shall be returned to you.’ The woman did as requested; and the light-hearted girl returned to the home of her protectors.

The good Father took occasion to enforce the duties that Mary’s relations owed to her; and, having in some degree reconciled them to their several disappointments, he left them.

‘Father Jerome,’ said I, as we were returning, ‘did you intend to put your threat of violence into execution?’

‘By no means,’ said he; ‘but the brutal brother must be kept in subjection.’

The grateful heart of Mary will never cease to bless the name of Father Jerome; nor will she ever forget the moment of her RESCUE.

DE CASTRO.

THE UNCONSCIOUS ORPHAN.

Mother, I have found a tear
 In your eye! How came it here?
 More are coming—now they chase
 One another down your face.
 How I feel your bosom heave!
 What does make you sob and grieve?
 Let me wipe your tears away,
 Or I cannot go to play.

Why is father sleeping so?
 Put me down, and let me go—
 Let me go, where I can stand
 Near enough to reach his hand.
 Why! it feels as stiff and cold
 As a piece of ice, to hold!
 Lift me up to kiss his cheek;
 Then, perhaps, he'll wake and speak.

Mother, oh! it is 'nt he,
 For he will not look at me!
 Father had 'nt cheeks so white
 See! the lips are fastened tight!
 Father always spake, and smiled,
 Calling me, his 'darling child';
 He would give and ask a kiss
 When I came—But who is this?

If 't is father, has he done
 Speaking to his little one?
 Will he never, never more
 Know and love me, as before?
 Could he hear what we have said?
 Tell me, what is being dead?
 O! he does 'nt breathe a breath!
 Mother, what's the cause of death?

H. F. G.

TIDINGS FROM THE EAST.

PORTLAND, [Maine,] October—sometime, 1834.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—Flatter not yourself, nor let your excellent readers 'calculate,' that I have set me down to-night, in the midst of this south rain, that is pelting so emphatically on my windows, to do so grave a thing as 'prepare an article' for your monthly. Not so. It is too much a matter of circumstance, now-a-days, to set about, unless you work yourself up to a state particularly philosophical, or down to one particularly stupid. It is an affair that requires too much of the moral sense, and too little of the 'good easy man,' to employ my poor pen, when I want it to race over the paper with any kind of comfort to myself, or of use to those who may thus come at my lucubrations.

I am upon you, therefore, in the shape of a letter—a mere letter, writing you just as we talk, when, arm in arm, we sweep the fresh fields together, or thread our Washington Streets and Broadways. Or, if you will, I am going to write you with the same *spirit* that Major Downing writes in—I say the same spirit—for as to the matters of style and spelling, they are more than I can venture at. So then, you will have it in the undress, anti-parlor fashion, of one who was always a sad fellow at the formalities of life, though not worthy to hold a candle, in the way of the cute and capital, to the distinguished correspondent and editor to whom I have just referred.

I have hardly known what to call myself, for the last two months; and what I have pencilled down in my circulation during that period, could scarcely be tortured into a title, so loose and divergent have been my observations. Perhaps I might head it—a *Jóurnal*, as kept by a Vibratory—because, for two moons, I have been little better than a sort of moral pendulum, swinging from coast to country—yet avoiding everything like clock-work in my movements—objectless and reckless as need be—in short, surrendered to the most regular irregularity conceivable.—You may wonder, as well

as myself, that I am able to date anywhere—for I have hardly a whereabouts to prate of now, and never till this present, have been so convinced, that the faculty of ubiquity was not out of the question, after all.

I found my way, my dear editor, into this land of joist and Jacksonism, by means of the Bangor, that sufficiently famed and sufficiently fast steamer, for any man who has not been brought up on a railroad. I think I shall never forget the night I came down. The boat was teeming with band-boxes and men of business—divers devotees of all fours, and a reasonable quantity of beauty. Far as it stretched away, the sea lay like a mirror—and of motion it had none. I walked the upper deck, or reclined upon it, till the night began to wax old—gazing alternately into the eyes of a beautiful woman, and upon the wavering line of golden light, that trembled beneath the moon, from the horizon to the ship's side. For a canopy, we had a double stream of sparks from the two flues of the boat, careering over our heads with all the brilliancy and speed of a couple of northern lights, racing for a wager; and for music, we had the lashing of the parted waters at the bows, and the deafening hiss of the angry steam, as it shot in smoke and spatter from under the wheel.

But the beauty and wonder of the trip was the morning scene. Day was just unbarring as we passed the lights on Cape Elizabeth, near enough to be hit by a pistol-shot, and the lanterns seemed to be 'dimly burning,' against the cold, grey sky of the East. As we rounded into Portland Harbor, leaving the yet unawakened 'fort' on our left, and on our right the beauties of Diamond Cove, and the picturesque islands that gather about it, nothing could be more captivating than the scene, either to the woman who has not got so large a family, as to wind up the romantic within her, or to the man whose stomach and creditors both regard him so far, as to allow him a reasonable quantity of quiet. Every vessel, as we swept up to the pier, from India ship to fishing-smack, reposed as still and tenantless, as though it had been anchored upon a dead sea, that heaved itself against

the shores of a dead land. It is never, however, too early for hacks and porters. They are ever to be found, under shelter of the pine-wood pile, that graces every steam-boat wharf in the land. They are creatures of wonderful presentiment. They know when a boat is 'coming,' for a certainty. They scent her out beyond Boon Island, and are surer than all Moody's telegraphs or the telescope. In this case, I saw the coachmen marshalled by the score, as we drew in—long before the smoke of a single chimney gave token that a single kitchen cabinet of the city was 'up,' and as I landed with a fairy-footed creature upon my arm, I think I was beset by the whole coach company, for a drive. But let that pass. We were fairly domiciliated in —— street before sunrise.

And now a word about *arriving* in the morning. Let us touch upon the philosophy of the thing. Without doubt, it is the most unromantic and sad business in the world. Never do it, if you can help it. Never, if you can help it, get home, or among your friends, before breakfast. It is a cold, comfortless matter at the best—and especially so, as the season of frost is coming on. The chance is, that you will ring or rattle away at the door of your best relation for twenty minutes, and then be let in by the maid of all work, vibrating between the doubt of the honesty of so early a visitor, and the certainty of the emptiness of her boiler, and her yet unkindled fire. You are sure of getting no thanks for disturbing the sleep of a whole household, and equally sure of having a deduction from your welcome, just in proportion to the deduction you have caused from the pleasant dreams of the family you have thus made an incursion upon, before the stars were out. To go away—to bid farewell, by dim lamp-light, or day-break, is well enough; there *may* be something intellectual about this. There may be heart in it, especially where friends—those you love—have set the night out with you—waiting the morning mail, and hold your hand grasped to the last. About this business, sad as it is, there may be something redeeming and spiritual. But as to getting home, or arriving among relatives and dear ones at day-light,

it is out of the question. I will never do it again. It is impossible to have any soul in a reception before coffee. Thus much for an episode. Now again to the record.

You are well aware, my dear editor, that a commencement is one of the best pieces of humdrum that the year brings about. No matter where it is held, it is as admirable a specimen of the grave-ridiculous as I ever wish to encounter. The whole scene of the 'old meeting-house,' for such is usually the temple for the display of this juvenile glory—the frequently bad band, with the black procession, that keeps but ill time to its music—and above all, the black velvet presidential cap, of shape indescribable and inconceivable, in the making of which, reason never had a hand, and about the like of which, you could 'nt dream if you would,—all this was before me again, just as fresh, and just as full of the serio-comico, as it was a generation ago, when you and I, profound sir, helped make up the sublime nonsense of a like occasion.

You will naturally see I am discussing to you of Brunswick, during its late festival of letters. I was there—sc what you have is *ex cathedrâ*. From all accounts, I presume it was not so lumberesome a time, if I may use a Downing adjective—not *quite* so as is usual, on these Greek and Latin jubilees. Considering how lately the whole state had been in the chaos and cholera of a political election, the people seemed to have come together with a greater quantity of smiles and humanity, than was to be expected by any one, who could 'nt calculate with the accuracy and acumen of an almanac-maker. Even the ethereal senator of this state was there, within ten feet of the able representative from Kennebec ; and yet, such was the influence of letters—there was no explosion on either side, and I would have defied a physiognomist to tell, from a view of the countenance, which gentleman of the two would have removed the deposits farthest from the great house of 'Squire Biddle.' On the whole, colleges and commencements are decidedly good things ; if for nothing else, for the sort of political lullaby which they bring about, at least during the pendency of their magnificent and mellowing anniversaries.

As to dwelling on this commencement, or its glories, it is out of the question. I am getting long. It is enough to say that the 'part' of the young gentleman, which was devoted to an illustration of the singular beauties and good sense of *reasoning backward*, was worthy of Socrates, and the best promise with regard to the speaker's future success in the practice of the law.

Fie! Betty Kappy—as the major spells it, in his last letter to me—came on, and went off 'without any accident.' The papers have sworn and stood to it, that it was a grand affair, and if the preachers on that occasion are not satisfied with the story told about them, they must put up with it, 'for all me.' The rhyme or the reason were both beyond my soundings, so, if you please, no more of that, and let us turn over a new leaf.

One of the most sensible, and certainly one of the most satisfactory excursions, of which I have been guilty here, has been to a quiet, staid, and changeless village in the neighborhood, where, in former years, I planted myself, to enjoy for a season the delights of a retired residence. It is one of the most noiseless places imaginable. Even the church-bell rings with a sort of smothered sound, and the people gather to 'meeting' with so little parade, that in their movement there is nothing to drown the interchanged whisper, or the rustling of gingham gowns. Yet Sunday, in this settlement, is the busiest day of the seven. I had not been through its unpretending street for a weary time—and it was worth a hundred doctor's prescriptions to tread it, I'll assure you. Ah! my dear editor, what is better than this revisiting an old home, (it was not in the *morning*, I would have you understand,) the village-home of your former years, where every tree, fence, field and ditch, awakens its host of simple but dear recollections! Every thing stood, or set, just as it did in other times. There swung the tavern sign, screaming forth the same note of B flat to every wind that went by, and there crept along the same patriarch of poverty, with the same rimless hat and patched inexpressibles, that maintained their state in the same fashion at the last census.

Yet, though the same, every thing was altered, and altered for the better. I congratulated every worthy friend, each strong-palmed yeoman, and each gentle girl, that grasped my hand, upon the evident expenditure of white lead which had taken place, during the year or two, all over the village. Each dwelling seemed to have come out in white, in spite of the black times, and as their occupants appeared to have grown older—no reproach, sir, but a natural consequence of the fall—the houses really looked as though they were getting younger.

How the old memories crowded about me!—Every voice that greeted me recalled something, and every nose I saw had its associations. There was a general resuscitation of old times, and it did my heart good to mingle with them. There stood the same ancient and honorable grist-mill, as romantically situated as any that ever rumbled and clattered among the cascades of Spain—in the shadow of which, I have often fished away the hot afternoons of summer; and there stood primly forth the academy of the village, once of as billious a yellow as painter ever rejoiced in, but now, white as ‘monumental alabaster,’ the unpretending, kettle-crowned seminary, to whose innate murmur, in school hours, my neighboring ear was long accustomed, as to the buzz of a bee-hive. There, too, lifted itself, the same church as of yore, where for years I was wont to gather myself, o’Sundays, to listen and to sleep;—the same good temple of orthodoxy, unchanged in all things, save its shed for horses, and a new steeple.

But the crowning satisfaction of this sort of episode from the usual routine of existence, is in ‘calling’ about, from house to house, and finding how much you are remembered, and how much you can remember. This is the moral part,—in short, the moral of the matter, sir. The other particulars are physical. For my own part, I found no little pleasure in this circulation among the good-hearted and good-headed, the fair and unfashionable, with whom I aforetime lived and learned. When I came, there was the free hand of substantial welcome, and when I went, it was not withheld.

There was no thrusting of two fingers into your palm, as stiff and frigid as the soul of the owner of them ; but a downright, honest reception and farewell, whose fervor extended to the last joint of the quivering hand. How much better is this, my dear editor, than that insufferable, fastidious salutation of the city, that is given as though the giver suspected disease in the touch, and returned as though the returner felt the full force of the suspicion.

But enough of this. I could fill out a book as thick as a report upon railroads, about this delightful gossiping in this echoless, secluded, capital old village. Time has made no impression for the worse upon it, and I made myself years and years younger by my droppings-in, hurried as they were, among its excellent families. I could tell you a quiet and pleasant tale about the choir of that same old church, for I once led it ! Yes, ere I knew that my organ of tune was so wonderfully developed, long did I stand at the head of its music, gravely directing the mingled mysteries of its sharps and naturals ! Ah ! sir, if I thought you, to save your soul, could tell the difference between the harmony of a jews-harp and the Brigade band, I would enlarge upon this particular. But I am sadly afraid it would be labor lost. Nevertheless, as this but half finishes my poor journal, I may tell you something of this capital story, on another occasion. Besides all this, here I have been interviewing it, with Major Downing—you know he lives and edits here—and also have had a phrenological session with Mr. Jones, who is fast getting the reputation of telling every man who puts his head into his hands, more about his physical and metaphysical character, than he ever knew before. In fact, he is frightening half the city by his disclosures—and there is no doubt he would have been hung, two hundred years ago, for a wizard.—But we must draw up.

Farewell—most decidedly yours

G. M.

MILITARY SKETCHES

OF THE CAMPAIGN ON THE NORTHERN FRONTIER, IN 1813.

It is now twenty-one years since the writer of the following sketches was encamped during one of those stormy nights, when autumn is wedded to winter, on the bank of the swift-rolling and magnificent St. Lawrence. The incidents preceding and connected with the battle of Chrystlers Field, (or Williamsburgh,) have been but partially made public; nor shall I, at this distance of time, and with no other data than an imperfect recollection, attempt any thing more, than to give to the reader some of the most striking incidents that fell under the eye of a single individual.

To assist the reader to form an estimate of the results of the battle, I must carry the narrative back a few days prior to the period of the embarkation of the army destined to co-operate in the reduction of Montreal. About the middle of September, 1813, a general order was issued by the commander-in-chief of that division of the American army, General Wilkinson, directing 'that every man capable of *pushing a bayonet*' should be held in readiness to embark on board the boats, &c. while the invalids of the army should be selected by the surgeons, and transferred to the American side of the Niagara river. About five hundred or more were consequently deemed by the gentlemen of the medical staff unfit for the secret enterprise then meditated; and on the first of October, the whole were embarked on board of the flotilla, consisting of one schooner, a great number of Durham boats, large, heavy scows for the transportation of the field artillery, and about one hundred batteaux, mostly taken from the enemy, with G. R. in large printed capitals on the bows, amounting in all to about three hundred. It will be well to apprise the reader that the number of troops embarked that day, of all arms exclusive of the cavalry, amounted to about six thousand, five hundred men; but in consequence of the stormy weather that prevailed during the whole of the month of October, about fifteen hundred were dispersed along the lake-shore from Fort Niagara to Sacket's Harbor by the *beaching* of the boats. To explain this it is necessary to understand, that the general direction of Lake Ontario is, from southwest to northeast, and that the prevailing winds at that season usually blow from the British or Canadian shore, to the American side of the lake. So strong and uniform had the winds been in the direction as above stated, that in almost every place where it was deemed expedient to land, the stones lining the shore were found rolled up like a winnow of hay, to the height of three or four feet, and the mouths of the small streams which flow into the lake completely choked up; and it was necessary in one instance to dig a channel of nearly a rod in length, in order to get the boats into safe mooring for the night—and it was on landing or attempting to land, that so many of the boats were stove, and rendered useless; for unless great judgment and activity were used by the helmsman and crew, it was almost impossible to secure her safety.

Thus the entire month of October was passed in coasting the lake-shore

from the point of embarkation to Sacket's Harbor, the place of general rendezvous, and the army was again purged of invalids, and nearly five hundred sent to the hospitals.

The next point of rendezvous was Grenadier's Island, where the whole of the troops were assembled, and the infantry of the line formed into three brigades, and organized for action. From thence the whole flotilla entered the St. Lawrence, preceded by the *Lady of the Lake* and a number of gun-boats, and descended the river and concentrated once more, at a bay or bend in the river called French Bay. After two or three days more delay, the whole, excepting the fleet under Commodore Chauncey, moved down the river to within about five miles of Ogdensburgh, where the troops landed preparatory to passing the formidable batteries of Prescott. To prepare for this, a number of men equal to manning the oars were retained on board, the oars muffled, and the attempt made to run by the batteries, the balls of which crossed the river and buried themselves in the bank of it, and ranged through the village of Plattsburg. The troops destined to move by land commenced their march at about nine o'clock, P. M., and passing through the villages and along the banks of the river, sometimes within the range of the shot and shells of the enemy, arrived at their camping-ground at about twelve o'clock. At the time the troops were in motion on the land, the boats attempted the passage by water, but it soon became evident that the enemy were fully informed of the attempt, for as soon as the leading boats came within range of the enemy's batteries, they began to throw their shells and round shot, and as the moon made objects almost as visible by night as the sun by day, it was thought best to suspend the passage till day-light, and thereby avoid the hazard, confusion and loss, by the attempt under such circumstances. At day-light in the morning the passage was effected; the boats following each other in succession, and they all passed in safety with the loss of only two men, notwithstanding the enemy threw from their batteries upwards of a thousand cannon-shot shells; and the whole were ready the next day to move down the river, which must have afforded to the inhabitants on both sides of the river a novel and interesting sight, particularly at the passage of the Long Sault, when three hundred boats and other craft formed in two divisions, each boat under the direction of a pilot, following its leader in succession at the rate of ten miles an hour, with the buoyancy of ducks and the velocity of loons; there was however no great danger so long as the steersman kept the command of his boat, and prevented her from getting sideways into the troughs of the contending currents and boiling waters.

The passage of the rapids being thus effected, the whole armament was brought to on the enemy's shore, at a place called Matilda, when we found the corps of riflemen under the command of the brave Forsyth, seated in and around the ruins of a small battery, erected on the bank of the river, for the purpose of obstructing the passage of the flotilla—The fort was of wood, and when the main body arrived, nearly consumed by fire, at which the men were busily employed roasting geese and other poultry, found in the vicinity.

At Matilda, the dragoons attached to that division of the army were conveyed across the river, and in the afternoon the whole body descended, and

landed about a mile below the battle ground of the 14th. The next day, 13th, was spent in preparation, and reconnoitering the strength and position of the enemy. About noon, a strong division under the command of Brigadier-general Boyd, formed in open column, moved up the river on the main road, three or four hundred rods, and the enemy not showing themselves, the troops were halted, faced to the right about, and were in motion to return by the route they had advanced; when a cannon-shot was thrown at us, and fell into the river a few feet to the right of the rear of the column. At this moment, General Boyd ordered the column to the right-about-face, and resumed the original direction. A second shot was directed against the head of the advancing column, which buried itself in the litter of a barn-yard, a few feet on the right of the leading platoon. After advancing about the length of the column in the direction of the battery, the whole were wheeled on the right flank, and this new line being perpendicular to the former, exposed the whole column in flank to the range of the enemy's battery; the ground being entirely open and level, gave the British gunners a fine chance to exhibit their skill in gunnery, but with little effect; for they only wounded one officer and three or four men in one of the leading platoons, by the explosion of a sharpnel shell. After this exhibition we returned to our camping ground, and made preparations to pass the night as comfortably as circumstances would permit. The weather was raw, cold, and cloudy, and in the evening snow, hail and rain, clothed us as with a garment during the night. In order to secure the guns from the effects of moisture, a quantity of rails were taken from the fences near by, and laid on the ground side by side, the guns placed thereon and covered with straw, and thus preserved in order, ready for use the coming day. H.

[To be continued.]

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

It is with no little timidity that we appear for the first time at our Editorial Table. We are sensible of the responsibility which rests upon us in our undertaking, and deeply feel the necessity for much indulgence from our friends and readers. We shall endeavor to discuss, in a prudent and considerate tone, those topics only which are pure and salutary in their effects: and shall avoid all personal animadversion. Our notices of new publications will be necessarily brief, but we hope fair and impartial, as we desire neither to wound or to flatter. It is our chief aim to please those who may sit down with us at our 'monthly entertainment,' and trust they will never have occasion to complain of the ill humor of the host.

For the plan and nature of our work, we would refer to its Prospectus; and for the manner in which it is to be conducted, we can only offer the pledge of our own industry, and the aid of some of our most esteemed writers. We would freely invite all who may feel disposed to splinter a lance in the arena we have thrown open, to enter and test their skill and strength. There is many a sweet bard in the land, who could awaken melodies in his long-neglected harp, that would continue to vibrate long after the hand that produced them had returned to dust. There is many an ancient legend of the pilgrim and the Indian yet unsung; many a traditionary story of battle in the forest, and peril in the wilderness, yet untold. The memories and deeds of our fathers, and of those wild tribes with whom they warred, should be perpetuated in song, and embalmed in story; and we hope to contribute our humble aid in rescuing them from the oblivion to which they are passing. With such historical legends illustrative of our early history, together with biographical sketches, and descriptions of the grand and picturesque scenery of this new land, we hope often to enrich our pages.

While we write, the clear October sun is looking in at our window, as if to invite our steps to the free air and the open fields; and it is an allurements hard to withstand, for we have ever been a dear admirer of Nature. In all our solitary rambles, whether upon the wild and lonely hill-side, or in the heart of the pastoral valley, at the edge of the mirror-like lake, or along the borders of the mountain brook,—our eyes are always charmed with beautiful and picturesque objects. Our ears soon become familiar with the light carol of every bird which inhabits the thicket or the forest; and the eye is soon made acquainted with the whole lovely family of flowers, which enamel the earth, and enrich the air with their wind-scattered perfume. There is not a wild flower that

nods to us from the top of the verdant bank, or the vine-covered rock; or a bird that salutes us with its voluble overture from its leafy dome,—that seem not to us like friends of old. The speckled turtle that plunges from its black fortress into the pool, at the sound of our approaching step, or the glittering snake, which hastens to conceal itself beneath its bush, at our coming, are not unnoticed; for he that is enamoured with nature, has an eye ever open to the observance of all rural objects, and an ear awake to the harmony of all woodland sounds.

Nothing can exceed the glory of our native woods in October, when the foliage having attained the perfection of its coloring, and dropping in eddying clouds from the trees, seems to repeat the monitory lesson which Autumn is so poetically represented as teaching to the human race.

The verdure of the earth is then lost and mingled in a thousand varied colors, made up of all the rich combinations of the rainbow. The sky itself then seems to lose its rich deep azure, and the smoky vapors that then ascend its dome, and repose in its serene chambers, seem to have caught the variegated hues of the earth itself. Every mountain tarn and lonely pool, every brimming river and subsidiary stream, is then richly tinged with a myriad of wavy hues, caught from the reflected woods or the over-hanging clouds. The pine and fir and a few other evergreens, may still retain their verdant tinge, the wild grape-vines also, which are among the last to perish, may preserve their pure and lovely greenness; but everywhere else, the eye is dazzled with the gaudiest combinations of azure, purple, crimson, scarlet, yellow, orange, and gold. All these rich varieties of color, render the wide drapery of the woods inexpressibly lovely, whether it is shaken and tossed about by the clear mountain-breeze, or remains utterly motionless in the profound silence; so profound, that nothing is audible, save, perhaps,

The sound of nutshells, by the squirrel dropped
From some tall beech, fast falling through the leaves.

Reclining a few days since upon a flower-enamelled bank, at the border of a beautiful stream, whose waters rivalled in purity and clearness the very atmosphere itself, and whose voice poured out a murmur sweeter than sound of lute or harp, we inscribed the following verses to 'Autumn.'

AUTUMN.

Now Autumn in the golden woods,
Rests on his regal throne;
His carpet is the bloomy turf,
His footstool is the mossy stone;
The branching oak and lofty beech,
A broad and grand pavilion spread;
The laurel drops a rustling wreath
Upon his beaming head;
The maples clad in princely dress,
Their scarlet flags unfold;

And the fair willows kneel around,
Attired in living gold.
The field-lark, and the russet wren,
The blackbird and the mellow thrush,
Strike their light harps and thrilling lutes,
From every nodding bush.

The orchards to his royal court
Their luscious offerings send;
The great green melon, and the grapes
That o'er the rivers bend;
The sweet pear, with transparent cheek,
The peach of crimson hue,
The glowing pippins streaked with gold,
The plum of heavenly blue;
Full baskets of the oily nut,
Plucked from the wild-wood tree;
Rare honey in the waxen comb,
Stolen from the laboring bee;
Jars from the gushing cider-press,
Bowls from the fresh-milked kine,
Juice of the barley's yellow seed,
Juice of the generous vine;
Ears of the shiny harvest corn,
Sheafs of the rustling wheat,
Cakes from the cotter's blazing hearth,
Bannocks white and sweet,—
Are all in lavish plenty poured,
O'er Autumn's rich and social board.

The month of October in the season of Autumn, is indeed the choicest gem in the casket of the year. The air is of fine temperature; a glorious medium between the frosty chill of November and the intense ardor of July. Now the blades of grass begin to wither at the border of the brook; and the leaves of the trees lose somewhat of their greenness, and take their first changing stain, that will soon deepen into the yellow and scarlet of autumn. Now the prickly shell of the chestnut and the husk of the walnut open and drop their fruit; and the various fruits of the earth are scattered around in all the liberal profusion of nature; and the senses are gratified with their abundance and beauty. Now the great green water-melon has 'reached its growth,' and is daily butchered at the table; and his cousin, the yellow muskmelon, and the luscious nutmeg-cantelope, share the same fate. Now the young peach is proud of the soft down upon his florid cheek; and blushes to be seen in the market-man's basket, in company with the honest republican apple, and the low-born potato. Now the large wild black grapes are kidnapped from their vine, that dips in the pond, and are brought in crowds to market, like Nubian slaves displayed for sale in an Eastern bazaar. Now the crimson streaked

apples are shaken down in the farmer's orchard; and lie heaped up under the trees, in beautiful pyramids. Now the cider-press unlocks its fountain; and barrels of the sweet liquor are scattered about, surrounded by ragged boys, who extract the liquid with those primitive *siphons*, hollow straws from the barn-loft.

Now the partridge in the gloomy wood, and the flitting snipe who dwells in the marshy field, are persecuted by the frequent gunner; nor does the skulking wood-chuck dare show the tip of his nose, at his den; for some savage boy is lying in ambush behind the next tree, with finger on trigger, ready to let drive. Now the knowing crow flies higher over the wood, for he scents the gunpowder in the brown barrel. In short, it is the rarest season of the year, and whoever enjoys it not, has only to blame himself.

The admirer of this Autumnal season is led to pass away many solitary hours, with no other companionship than his own thoughts. In his utter solitude he indulges in many a dreamy and delicious reverie, in many a bright imagining. As he paces the far-extended plain, or reclines at noonday at the root of the patriarchal tree of the forest, his thoughts wander forth into the unexplored realms of the future, or steal back into the shadowy halls of the great Past, and make their melancholy sojourn with the glorious dead. The past, the past! it is ever with a deep sense of awe that we venture into the broad mysterious dominions of the past. The mind is impressed with a strange tinge of sadness, as it wanders among the ashes of long-forgotten generations; as it calls those mighty spirits of the dead again into ideal life, as it meets with the good, the brave, the pious, the learned, the benevolent men of other days.

It is natural, as it is delightful, for him, as he plunges into the depths of our immense woods, as he loiters along the lonely shore, as he glides across the silent bay in his rocking skiff, as he muses upon the border of the rivulet, to recur to those not far-distant days when the barbaric tribes of the red men peopled the land around him. The spirit of the departed savage is around and about him; it haunts the wood and peoples the valley. As he urges his slender shallop over the billows, he almost fancies that he can again discover the gliding boat of the Indian; as he traverses the solemn glades of the forest, he almost expects to see the apparition of the savage warrior start from the leafy thicket,

And then to mark the lord of all,
The forest hero, trained to wars,
Quivered and plumed, and lithe and tall,
And seamed with glorious scars;
Walks forth, amid his reign, to dare
The wolf, and grapple with the bear.

But yesterday, as it were, the calumet of peace was lit, the council-fire sent up its flame in the silence of the deep woods, or the war-hatchet was dug from the root of the peaceful tree, and the great war-dance made the hills resound with the measured tramp of a thousand warriors, and the hideous yell

sent forth from a thousand warlike bosoms. But yesterday, as it were, and the now cultivated hill was overshadowed by the wide and drooping wood, and the plain, whose fertile glebe is now made fruitful by the hand of the husbandman, or occupied by the secluded village, or the vast and noisy city, was a silent and interminable wilderness, whose tranquillity was only disturbed by the shout of the Indian hunter, or the blast of the Indian horn. From the recesses of every wood, the hearth of the Indian lodge sent up its curling smoke; on the green slopes around, the sounds of childish sport were heard; beneath the sacred tree, the bones of the old forefathers of the hamlet were committed to their long repose.

He is continually reminded of their existence, by a thousand objects around him. With every venerable tree, thick with the moss of age; with every wild stream that lifts up its clamorous voice in the solitude, are mysteriously connected associations which call before his memory the glories of other days, the ferocity of the savage warrior, or the freedom of the wild hunter. He often meets with relics of that departed race, in his solitary rambles; he discovers the lonely cairn where the ashes of the distinguished chieftain repose, he meets with the pious heap of stones which savage affection has erected over the bones of a beloved object; he oftentimes finds the relics of the crumbling lodge or decayed canoe, the huge wooden bowl, the rude pottery, the stone-hatchet, the clumsy knife, the flint-pointed arrow, the shell-covered shield, the ornamented pouch or moccasin, the bow or battle-axe of tough wood or polished bone, and various other curiosities, which serve to remind us of that untutored people whose hands so long ago fashioned them.

If our enthusiast is at any time wearied with his long rambles, what then is more delightful, than to fling himself down upon the yielding carpet with which boon Nature has overspread the earth, and indulge in repose mental or bodily! He can then produce his well-filled scrip, and like the Greeks of old after the battle, 'snatch a short repast.' With what charitable satisfaction does he bestow a bountiful portion of his stores upon poor Carlo, whose watery jaws, wagging tail, and swimming and wide-open eyes, so imploringly beseech him for a benefaction! Then also he can produce from a secret nook in his pocket, his miniature edition of his favorite poet, and surrender up his imagination to the enchantment of inspired song. Or if the spirit so moveth him, he can sharpen his pencil and display his parchment, and inscribe in poetical verse, the beauty of the rare scenery around. Or he may turn aside from rustling wood and leafy hollow, to recline on the snow-white beach of the sea.

There is something in the very sound and sight of the great sea itself; something in the roar of the perpetual surge; in the flash of the breaking billow, that leads the step with an irresistible influence to its borders, and fills the mind with an engrossing charm, which no time or change can dissolve. Whenever my foot presses that white and sandy floor which is washed by the clear billow of the sea, there is communicated to my footstep the elasticity, to my body the vigor, to my mind the joy and exhilaration of the freeborn Highlander, when his tartan is fluttering in the wild breeze of his own mountain-land, and his foot is on the heather of his own native hills. As we enter upon that bright and golden border, which seems to extend without limit along the

edge of the ocean,—as we glance upon the multitudinous billows, which race up its shelving bosom, and then with a musical ripple retire into their bed again,—as we gaze abroad upon the expanded main itself, crested with uncounted billows, covered with a thousand passing sails, and traversed by a thousand snowy pinions,—we cannot but feel an exultation that no where else is found.

We have several new publications lying before us, of which we would gladly speak, but must unwillingly content ourself with a hasty glance at them. The first to attract the eye, is that most brilliant offering 'in blue and gold,' the '*Token and Atlantic Souvenir*.' Now, as the season of Christmas festivity and New Year's congratulation approaches, this little volume will form a charming gift from parent to child, and from youth to beauty. We freely acknowledge the literary excellence and moral purity of its contents, and the beauty of its illustrations. The articles are from the pens of some of our most popular writers, such as Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Sedgwick, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, Neal, Thatcher, Longfellow, Mellen, Greenwood, Stone, and others; from nearly all of whom, we have the promise of contributions to our own pages. The work, if not in all respects fully equal to the English annuals, deserves peculiar favor from all who are inclined to encourage native talent and enterprise.

We have before us the *Eulogy on La Fayette*, delivered in Faneuil Hall, at the request of the young men of Boston, by EDWARD EVERETT. We have ever been a warm admirer of the distinguished Eulogist, but never were we so highly gratified by any public performance, as by his extremely eloquent sketch of the life and character of La Fayette. After a brief notice of the early incidents of the life of La Fayette, the Eulogist relates more at length, his career in the American revolution, from the time, when, at Mentz, he first heard from the lips of a brother of George the Third, that some remote English colonies, across the Atlantic Ocean, had declared themselves an independent people, till the peace of 1783. To this succeeds an account of the earlier events of the first French Revolution, in which La Fayette bore so conspicuous a part,—the assembly of the Notables in 1787,—the organization of the National Guard,—the dreadful events at Versailles, on the 5th of October, 1789,—the splendid ceremonies at the Champ de Mars, on the recurrence of the anniversary of the destruction of the Bastille, when La Fayette, in the presence of nearly half a million of spectators, as the first citizen of France, in the name of the mighty mass of the National Guard, took the oath of fidelity to the Nation, the Constitution, and the King,—his denunciation by the Jacobins, his flight and imprisonment at Olmutz,—the daring but unsuccessful attempt by Huger and Ballman, for his liberation,—his triumphal progress through the United States, in 1824,—his reappearance at the head of a new revolution, in July, 1829—and his death, on the 20th of May, 1834, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. The profits of the publication are liberally appropriated by the author to the erection of a cenotaph, in memory of La Fayette, at Mount Auburn.

We gladly notice in this connexion *LA FAYETTE*; a poem, by Thomas Power; a production of the muse, which reflects honor on the heart and patriotism of the writer. The author is a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who neither blows a trumpet himself, nor begs the favor of a flourish from his friends:—on this account, therefore, he is particularly deserving. The poem before us seems to have been a sudden and spontaneous expression of his own feelings, on learning the melancholy intelligence of the death of a great and a good man. With the world, Mr. POWER has had nothing to say upon the subject, and it would be strange indeed, if he should care one way or the other for the opinions of others, in relation to the mode of manifesting his own grief for the loss, or admiration of the character, of that illustrious individual, whose monody he so pathetically sings.

Mr. POWER possesses the ability, aye, and he has industry enough too, to place himself on an elevated seat in the temple of fame.—For ourselves, we are desirous of hearing that he is doing something by Cantos, that he may raise an abiding memorial of his existence. With our good wishes for his future success, and with perfect confidence in his untiring zeal in literary pursuits, we leave both *La Fayette* and the author to a future period, and say in his own language,

‘ Must fancy still pursue the theme,
To make more dear what all esteem?’

We have also before us, from the press of Light & Horton, the ‘Sketches and Poems of ALBERT PIKE.’ In the poetical department of the work, we find some fugitive pieces, which are not inferior to some of the very best poetry the country has produced. The Sketches of Western adventure and hardship are extremely spirited and interesting.

We have also from the same press, ‘the Memoir of Rev. S. O. WRIGHT, late Missionary to Liberia, by B. B. Thatcher. The Memoir is an able and affecting tribute to the memory of a good man, who devoted himself to the task of spreading his religion in a foreign land, and laid down his life in the cause. The work closes with the following exquisite verses from the pen which sketched the Memoir:—

No! weep not for him! He but rose to his rest,
From his own loved land of the fervid line,
With his silvery sheaves of the dawn, all gleaned
Ere bright dews blazoned the noon’s decline:
He shall toil, with tears, in the gloom of a dim
Lone harvest no more;—Oh weep not for him!

And weep not for her! They have laid the dust
Of the early exile so softly away
In the pleasant shade of the plantain-tree,
That the Judgment angels, who seek that day
The jewels of glory, will scarcely stir
So sweet a slumber;—weep not for her!

Weep not! In the home where the sinless meet,
 Lingers no lonely yearning for *this*—
 As the pilgrims sorrowed (and smiled the while)
 In dreams, o'er the visions of vanished bliss:
 No sorrow enters that radiant realm,—
 No mourning—no yearning;—Oh weep not for them!

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the second number of the *American Magazine*, for October. This number contains sixteen elegant engravings, illustrative chiefly of subjects treated of in the work. The literary merit of the publication is highly respectable as well as the typographical execution, and we doubt not that the work will be widely popular.

THE DRAMA.—The Theatrical campaign has this season commenced, and thus far proceeded, under happier auspices than any within our recollection. In addition to an excellent stock company at the Tremont Theatre, among whom as *fixed stars* of no ordinary magnitude, we may reckon Mr. and Mrs. Barrett, we have already had a liberal proportion of foreign luminaries, such as Master Burke, Clara Fisher, James Sheridan Knowles, Mr. Booth, and though last, by no means least, in our esteem, James Wallack. As a dramatic writer, the talents of Mr. Knowles have been known and appreciated in this community for many years; he has had but few equals, in this respect, since the days of the 'great immortal Bard,' and at the present time, he most unquestionably 'bears the palm alone.' As an actor, however, even in his own *Virginus* and *William Tell*, he falls short, in those requisites which tend to stir men's blood, of Macready and the veteran Cooper. In *Julian St. Pierre*, and *Master Walter*, we have never seen his equal.

After Knowles, came Booth, who seems to be universally acknowledged, by excellent judges too, as the greatest tragedian living. In a certain range of characters, embracing among others not a few of Shakspeare's, he leaves all competition at an immeasurable distance; and when we say, as we now do, without any manner of reservation, that in *Richard III.* and *Sir Giles Overreach*, he comes fully up to the best days of Cooke and the elder Kean, we exhaust at once the vocabulary of our praise. Should Mr. Booth finally make up his mind to revisit the British metropolis, which, consulting our own inclination, we by no means advise him to do, he would find 'the chair empty, the sword unswayed, no heir of York alive,' to dispute his title to the crown. Macready alone, may equal him, in some few characters,—both are tragedians of the first class, but generally speaking, they would but seldom cross each other's path,—their line of acting is as opposite as the spheres.

James Wallack, as an agreeable, sprightly, general actor, has but few equals, and no superiors; his forte, however, evidently lies in melo-drama, and would he take a friend's advice, he would studiously avoid such characters as *Hamlet*, *Richard III.*, and some others, in which, though always respectable, he never rises above mediocrity. In *Rolla* he has no competitor. Matthews is soon expected, and by those who have recently seen him, he is

said to hold his own wonderfully well, and to be the same inimitable comedian we have so long known him. Miss Phillips has already won golden opinions in New York and Philadelphia, and we have no doubt is an actress of uncommon abilities; it is said she amply fills the gap, occasioned by the secession of Fanny Kemble from the stage, and this, in our view of the subject, is no common praise.

The Orchestra of the Tremont, under the lead of Ostinelli, is the best in the country;—Seignor Bragaldi and Mr. Stockwell are every thing we could wish, in their department. The internal police of the theatre is most excellent; and Mr. Barry, the enterprising and accomplished manager, spares neither labor nor expense, to render the Tremont precisely what it should be—a place of fashionable resort and elegant recreation.

THE FIRST MEETING:

A BALLAD

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE LITERARY MAGAZINE, BY

THOMAS POWER.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY

JAMES G. MAEDER.

ANDANTE.

Voce.

Piano Forte.

I met her, 'twas strange! in the gay, giddy throng, Where

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat major). The piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with the same key signature. The lyrics "I met her, 'twas strange! in the gay, giddy throng, Where" are written below the vocal line. A piano dynamic marking 'P' is placed above the piano accompaniment.

music and mirth led the measure along; And her heart, it was free; and her

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "music and mirth led the measure along; And her heart, it was free; and her". The piano accompaniment continues with a piano dynamic marking 'P'.

step, it was light—But her soul was unmoved 'mid the joys of that night; I

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics "step, it was light—But her soul was unmoved 'mid the joys of that night; I". The piano accompaniment concludes with a piano dynamic marking 'P' and a forte dynamic marking 'F' with an accent mark '>'.

thought her young fancy had never yet known The transport of love I would
cres.

espress. decres. ritard.

claim as my own; And if e'er a kind heart could return the sweet bliss, I might

espressivo. ad lib.

find it, I said, in a being like this.

2d VERSE.

The passion was whispered, her blushes betrayen
 The gentle return of the timorous maid;
 And the faith that was pledged on a feeling so new
 Yet survives in that bosom, still constant and true.
 Ah! who would not wish, for a life, to secure
 Devotion and bliss of a passion so pure;
 Though a tear dim its lustre, its light will not die—
 It will ever shine on, in a happier sky.

THE FINE ARTS.

WE think we have discovered unequivocal indications within a very few years, that the patronage of the Fine Arts has increased, in a ratio even far beyond the population and resources of our city, and we feel in no small degree gratified that it is so. In the first place, the establishment, for the last eight or ten years, of a regular periodical exhibition of the best productions of the ancient and modern masters, of the Athenæum Gallery, has given a spur to this department of the Arts, which has not only spread in all directions, but which has grown with our growth, and strengthened even faster than our strength. Among the various ways in which this has operated, and is still operating, it has, above all, given the tone, and taken the lead in the fashionable conversation of the day. It is fashionable to have our parlors and our drawing-rooms ornamented with the beautiful landscapes of Fisher and Doughty—it is fashionable to have our portraits taken by Harding, Osgood and Alexander—it is fashionable to have a smattering, at least a show of knowledge, in discussing the beauties and peculiarities of the ancient masters, and it is above all gratifying to be enabled to form, or think we form, some opinion of our own, upon a subject which is ever sure to be a leading one, among the *beaux-esprits* and *has blues* of every fashionable science.

The exhibitions at the Athenæum have of late years, taking all things into consideration, been extremely well patronised. The artists' exhibition this year at Harding's Gallery was patronised even beyond their most sanguine expectations; so much so, in fact, that we are inclined to think they will be induced to repeat the experiment for a number of years. More recently, the exhibition in the same place of Dubufe's splendid paintings of the Temptation and Expulsion of Adam and Eve, in the short period of ten weeks, was visited by upwards of eighteen thousand persons, a degree of success altogether unparalleled in this country. Panini's four magnificent paintings, also at the Athenæum Gallery, although comparatively unknown, were visited in two months by more than three thousand people; and touching these last, we have to mention an instance of liberality which we are proud to place on record. These splendid pictures, the price of which is eight thousand dollars, are for sale; and on a wish being expressed by some of our leading artists, that they might be retained here, for the purpose of forming a permanent foundation for a picture gallery, the proprietors of the Athenæum have most generously offered four thousand dollars, or one half, towards the purchase of them; and provided another four thousand can be raised by subscription in the community at large, which we will not for a moment permit ourselves to doubt, 'a consummation so devoutly to be wished' will immediately be carried into full effect.

NEWSTEAD ABBEY. We prefix to this number an engraving of Newstead Abbey, the celebrated residence of Lord Byron. The Abbey, a few years since, is said to have been in a state of complete ruin and decay; but it has been recently restored by its present owner to more than its primitive strength and durability, and equals in its attractions and magnificence, the most splendid residences of the kingdom.

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